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WEEKLY VISITANT.

FOR NOVEMBER 22.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29, 1806.

MISCELLANY.

[The following is said to have given rise, in the mind of Shakspeare, to the admirable scene of the witches, in his tragedy of Macbeth. On this account, as well as for the smplicity of the language, we present it to our readers.] *Char. Spect.*

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

Edwin, tended his father's flock on the bleak mountains of Scotia. Though illiterate and unenlightened, his morals were not corrupted, nor his disposition depraved. He delighted in benevolent actions, tho' insensible to the beauty of benevolence; and tho' he pursued the paths of virtue, he was ignorant that they led to felicity. His countenance indicated his innocence and sincerity, and prepossessed all in his favour. With a lively and picturesque imagination, he loved to enthusiasm the rude scenes of uncultivated nature, and as he wandered over the mountains, would sit down upon an inviting spot, climb to the edge of a precipice, or trace a torrent by its sound.

In one of his rambles he descended into a craggy dell, in which nature reigned in all her magnificence. A glade of shattered oaks rose suddenly on each side, the summits of the mountains on which the evening clouds repose appearing above; and directly in front frowned a noble cavern, that diffused a melancholy gloom on the surrounding objects. Immense fragments, suspended from the roof, threatened those who should presume to enter with instant destruction; and from its mouth rushed a rapid torrent, which dashing from cliff to cliff, thundered down the vale in a continued cataract. The moon shone faintly, and her trembling beams quivered on the waves of the river.

Captivated with the grandeur of the cavern, Edwin, in the elation of his heart, resolved to explore its gloomy recesses. As he entered, the fragments that hung in air trembled over his head, and he had not advanced many paces when one of them fell with a tremendious sound, and entirely obstructed the passage. To return was now impracticable.—Every suggestion that horror could inspire rushed into his mind.—He endeavoured to climb the crag, but the prominence of its summit frustrated all his attempts. After some hesitation he proceeded.

In proportion as he advanced the light diminished, and the rock assumed a deeper shape. The roof at length descended so low, and the passage became so rugged and craggy, that he was obliged to clamber on his hands and knees. It was intensely dark; the drops which perpetually distilled from the roof rendered the rocks extremely slippery; and the river that rattled with resistless impetuosity beside him, incessantly reminded him by its sound of his imminent danger. It at last opened into a lofty vault. Descending by a gentle declivity, and groping with his crook, he soon arrived at the foot of a rock, from beneath which the river emerged, and which apparently precluded all further passage. Edwin threw himself on the ground in despair. Exhausted with fatigue, and confused in his ideas, he presently fell asleep: A being of the most terrific form that a fertile imagination impressed with horror can conceive, seemed to rise out of the water below, and was just preparing to terminate his existence, when a clap of thunder shook the cavern, and every cavity in the rock reverberated the sound.

Edwin started up in an agony of terror. His tears were suspended by wonder. Falling down on his knees, he clasped his little hands bleeding with the roughness of the rock, and uttered a fervent ejaculation—for nature suggests to the most unenlightened mind the idea of a divine intelligence; when happening to cast his eyes on the water, he observed the reflection of a pale blue light that issued through a cleft in the rock. A faint beam of hope now darted into his mind. Some pious anchorite who had chosen this cell for his final residence, might have just ligthed his lamp: some itinerant minstrel, who had retired hither for shelter from the storm, might have just kindled a few faggots to defend himself from the severity of the cold.

Though the aperture was high, Edwin climbed up by the aid of a protuberance of the rock, when looking through, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women. With wide and solemn steps they stalked in procession round a blazing cauldron, and threw in the ingredients for the preparation of their magic charms. In a few moments they stopped; upon which one of them, who appeared considerably the tallest, advanced from among the rest, and muttering a few words, drew a circle on the ground with her wand, and instantly arose the shade of a venerable chieftain. His left arm sustained a target, in the midst of which a lance was fixed: a plume of feathers nodded in his bonnet and a claimore [a broad sword] hung by his side. Looking round with a menacing frown, he was proceeding to speak; when lo! a gust of smoke involved the flame; it was a signal that some virtuous eye beheld their infernal incantations: all waved their wands, the spectre and the cauldron sunk into the ground, and they vanished with a peal of thunder.

From the (London) Lady's Monthly Museum.

MR. EDITOR,

Though I am by no means a convert to the late Mrs. Godwin's sentiments, or could ever admire a female who was destitute of that softness which peculiarly characterizes the sex, yet I perfectly a-

gree with her in opinion, that childish timidity can only be the concomitant of a weak mind.

I had the misfortune, Mr. Editor, to be left guardian to two young ladies ; (I hope your fair readers will pardon me for making use of the term ;) but, in fact, one of them so completely harassed my spirits by playing off her womanish caprices, that I soon became heartily sick of my charge. I had undertaken a trust, however, which could not be relinquished. My petticoat tormentor wanted near four years of coming of age. Her sister who was about fifteen months her senior, had been so long accustomed to her imaginary dread of danger, that she heard her screams with as much composure as she would the mewing of a cat.

As, during the life of their respected father, my wards had always been accustomed to spend six weeks every summer by the sea side, I did not like the idea of their being deprived of an excursion, that might at once contribute both to amusement and health; and though I had not the slightest inclination for the journey, I resolved to accompany them to B——. Scarcely had the carriage driven out of the avenue, and was bowling along upon as beautiful a piece of road as ever was seen, when my young lady thought it would be adviseable to begin playing off her artillery of starts, twitches, and screams ; and if the wheel passed over a stone the size of a walnut, her body was thrown three parts out of the window, imploring John to spare her life.

My patience being nearly exhausted by the repeated exclamations of "Oh, dear Sir ! we shall be killed ! Do, let us get out of the carriage ; Eliza, for Heaven's sake, let down the glass !" and a thousand other marks of apprehension, where, in fact, no danger occured, I enquired of my rational companion, whether this lump of weakness and affetaction ever had been overturned or whether John was a careless driver, or had ever given any just grounds for these womanish fears.

With a smile of good humour, Eliza informed me, her sister was, in fact, under no alarm ; but that she merely thought it a proof of delicate sensibility, to appear agitated by apprehension, and overwhelmed by fear. Now, Mr. Editor, as your work is allowed to be a channel for instruction, I wish you would offer a piece of advice to those sentimental girls, who think themselves privileged to annoy with impunity, both their relations and friends ; and do, Sir, tell them, that a woman's screams, so far from sounding harmonious, are as discordant to the ear as the shriek of an owl.

A journey begun under such an unfavorable appearance, was not likely to prove productive of much rational delight. I found a very comfortble house, however, ready for us, at the corner of Marine Parade ; and we were quietly taking our coffee, when I was perfectly electrified by another scream ; and turning my head, I perceived Miss Sophia perched upon one of the chairs. "A mouse !—A mouse !—Oh, Eliza ! I certainly shall expire !"

Eliza composedly arose from the table, and picked up a small bunch of flue, which the air of the door had put into motion, and this sentimental young lady converted into a mouse. To have

talked reason to one entirely under the dominion of folly, would have been fruitless. The next morning, however, Miss declared her resolution of going into the sea. I was accordingly prepared for some vagary; and spoke to the favourite of Neptune, the celebrated Mrs. Gunn. To have bathed exactly at the hour chosen by other females, would not have answered my ward's design, who, to do justice to the works of Madam Nature, certainly was a beautiful girl. She was resolved those admirable lines in Gray's Elegy should never be applied to her case;

"How many flowers are born to blush unseen,
"And waste their sweetness in the desart air!"

for, to render herself conspicuous appeared to be the first object of her pursuit. She accordingly did not chuse to commit her fair person to the briny element, until every other female had bathed; and this under pretence of delicacy, least her immaculate, figure should be seen. The tide happened to be rushing out rapidly; a strong wind blew from the shore; and whilst Madam Gunn was waiting to receive her precious burden, both horse and machine were taken off the ground. In such a situation there was some policy in screaming. I happened to be walking upon the beach, and instanly offered one of the drivers half-a-guinea, to fix his horse to the back of the machine. My young lady had a glorious fright: the beach was crowded with spectators; amongst the number one whose attention I knew she wished to engage; but fear had not been an imaginary sensation, and the lily had completely supplied the rose's place. Still her folly had answered the purpose of rendering her conspicuous. I hastily drew her hand under my arm; and reproached her so severely for the weakness of her conduct, that she burst into a violent flood of tears; and as I spoke rather in an audible accent, I heard myself loaded by those who followed us, with the appellation of a churlish brute.

When a woman's tears are the effect of wounded feeling, they produce I acknowledge, an uncomfortable sensation about my heart: therefore, upon arriving at home, I cordially embraced her, telling her jocosely, it was more than she deserved. As I consider the sea one of the most sublime objects in Nature, I anticipated much pleasure from walking upon its sands, or I ought rather to have used the term shingles, which, in spite of the pleasure I derived from the surrounding prospects, terribly annoyed my feet. In these rambles, I was attended by my favorite Eliza, whose contemplative mind derived a secret satisfaction from a walk; but as sure as her sister joined us, some vexatious circumstance regularly occurred. She either tormented us, by anticipating the unexpected return of the tide; or she fancied she saw a storm gathering, which would wet us to the skin: or a fisherman's dog, who trotted harmlessly by the side of us, she thought looked as if going mad. In short, by some piece of girlish folly, or imaginary danger, she completely destroyed the pleasure we should have derived from our morning walk.

A sister of my ward's father, proud of her niece's attractions, instead of endeavoring to repress these marks of folly, encouraged

them by her remarks; and the delicacy of Sophia's nerves, and the refinement of her sentiments, afforded a general subject for discourse. I forgot, Mr. Editor, to mention a never-failing resource of these nervous ladies, namely, that most affecting of all diseases, known by the appellation of hysteric fits, which Miss Sophia, in case of extraordinary agitation, always kept in store as a dernier resort. This famous auxiliary, for a length of time, answered the desired purpose, and alarmed her sister to the greatest degree; but the penetrating powers of a good understanding displayed these masterpieces of female artifice in their proper light.

Our sleeping rooms in the house we occupied, happened to be upon the same floor: a powdering closet divided them, which my wards, and myself, jointly used. Sophia was completely adorned for a public entertainment, whilst Eliza was in the closet decorating her hair, when her sister rushed into the little apartment, exclaiming, "Oh, Eliza! there is a spider in our bed-room! I shall certainly go into a fit!"

"For Heaven's sake, my dear Sophia, then go into your own chamber; for the powder will certainly spoil your bombazeen," replied the unagitated Eliza, in a cheerful tone of voice; and though, Mr. Editor, it may appear an exaggeration of female folly, I assure you, on my honor, this prudent young lady calmly followed her sister's advice, and, with great presence of mind, walked out of the closet, seated herself in a comfortable arm-chair, and began to scream, "Oh, the spider! the spider. Will no one take the hideous creature out of my sight?"

Having accidentally overheard the preceding dialogue, I insisted upon it that Eliza should not move; and calmly told the pretended sufferer, that if she screamed until midnight, the insect should not be touched; but that if she really had an antipathy to it, I would remove it, on condition that she held her tongue. Madam would not, however, easily relinquish her sex's prerogative; but exalted her voice to a still louder key, until she had assembled every servant into the room. Regardless of their consternation, I deliberately poured out a tumbler of water, and threw it unceremoniously in the young lady's face: who then had a new idea to occupy her attention; namely, the injury which her dress had received; and after a few sobs, occasioned by the sudden coldness of my remedy, she retired to make the necessary preparation for the ball.

In relating a positive matter of fact, I cannot help fearing, Mr. Editor, that the greater number of your readers will pass the same compliment upon me which I received when conducting my ward from the bathing machine; or, in other words, that they will load me with the degrading appellation of a brute. Allow me, however, to say, in my own justification, that a masculine woman is more disgusting to me than an effeminate man. Nature has marked a striking distinction between the characters; and timidity, when under proper direction, is an ornament to the sex.

There is something endearing in the thought of protecting a female; but not from the attack of a spider, or a mouse: yet I allow

it possible, that antipathies may so completely overpower the reasoning faculties that a man who would face the mouth of a cannon, will fear a beetle upon a wall. It is not, therefore against antipathies that I mean to level censure, but against those childish fears which actually degrade the sex; and, instead of rendering the female character respectable, attach to it a mixture of disapprobation and contempt.

Mrs. Godwin's Rights of Women was evidently written for the purpose of showing her own sex the folly of yielding to imaginary fear: though, if they were implicitly to follow her instruction, they would destroy the charm which imperceptibly engages our hearts; and, instead of viewing them as lovely objects, claiming tenderness and protection, we should consider them as rivals, attempting to rob us of our privileges and rights.

A GUARDIAN.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

THE POET'S VISIONS.

List, my sweet Sylph, thy Minstrel's song,
For thou first roused his slumbering fire;
Thy sighs, as once they breathed along,
First woke the music of his Lyre.

Since thy loved form first blessed my sight,
Imbued with beauty's deepest hue,
At day's bright hour, in deep of night,
It dances on my ravished view—

When forth I rove at day's last sigh,
Entranced in hope's delusive dream,
Borne on the breeze thy form floats by,
Embathed in eve's impurpled beam.

O'er my sweet harp when I recline,
And musing wake the plaintive song;
Thy fairy fingers mix with mine,
And gaily sport the chords along.

Once hanging on a willow nigh,
Vain of her silver sounding string,
Whene'er a zephyr fluttered by
She flung a wild note on its wing.

Anon I heard the harp rejoice
In tones of deep yet strange delight,
Her throbbing pulse beat quick, her voice
Rose in wild rapture on the night.

Was it that viewless power, whose sighs
Steal on the lyre at day's dim verge,

And while along the chords it dies,
Unnumbered murmurs hymn its dirge?

I looked—when burst upon my view
Thy form wild-sweeping all its strings,
But as I gazed the night breeze blew—
She fled upon its rushing wings.

But on the night the harp's deep moans
Awhile sighed o'er the listening plain,
When Echo caught the dying tones,
And gave them to my soul again.

Thus on thy Minstrel's raptured sight,
But chiefly in his nightly dreams,
At day's bright hour, in deep of night,
Thy visionary image gleams.

For thee the Muse her harp assumes,
MARIA only claims its sighs,
Unsung, the vernal flowret blooms,
Forgotten, e'en the *primrose* dies.

ALEXIS.

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(SELECTED.)

Another self instructed bard, Mr. Summersett, has started from the vale of obscurity, and promises to become a favorite with the British public.—Admirers of poetical genius in whatever station it is placed, but especially where it gilds the humble shed of poverty, we have seized the first opportunity which presented itself, of introducing this uneducated votary of the muse, to the acquaintance of our readers. *Monthly Register.*

THE PILGRIM OF SORROW.

BY HENRY SUMMERSETT.

"Oh, ask not, old Hermit, why hither I stray:
But grant, gentle Father, my lowly request:
See the beauties of Summer—they soon will away,
And ere long shall the Pilgrim of Sorrow find rest.

"In the vale I espied thee; I saw thee in prayer,
While the sun in the west illum'd thy pale face;
I mark'd thy bright cross, and thy thin breezy hair,
And now in thy aspect mild Pity I trace.

"Here let me dwell with thee, reside in thy cell,
Make thy rushes my death-bed, and under thine eye,
Ere I rise with kind Angels, low murmur *Farewell!*
Oh, 'tis happy, most happy for wretches to die!

"But, Man of the Forest, Religion's mild Son,
Why I mourn, start, and tremble, seek never to know;
For swift footed Plagues, at my heels long have run,
Deriding the tears of the fountain of Woe.

"The sands of the sea and distresses of life
No mortal can number, no language declare;
In the Morn we have joy; Noon's molested by strife;
And Evening imposes vexation and care.

"Our Sons turn from duty, our Daughters to shame ;
And the tongue that vows deeply is often forsworn.
Truth proves a thin vision :—false, false is her name ;
And she takes the vile garb which e'en Slander has worn.

"Oh, my heart's sorely burthen'd !—Dear Father, thine aid ;
Fierce thoughts of distraction are filling my mind !"
He enter'd the cell, on his knees lowly pray'd,
And to Heav'n his devotions were borne by the wind.

In silence and sadness he wasted each day,
His eyes often moisten'd, and oft heav'd his breast ;
And ere Summer's beauties were all swept away,
In a grave near yon willows the Pilgrim found rest.

THE STORM.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And, with an eager and suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us ;—but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not ; to look round and only see,
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark,—
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
And he who hath endured the horror, once,
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner ! [*Southey's Madoc.*

VARIOUS DENIALS OF CHRIST.

Does the intemperate man suppose that by merely professing himself a Christian, he acknowledges Christ? If he does he is ruinously mistaken.—Every act of intemperance cries out in a louder language than St. Peter's, *I know not the man.* Does the blasphemer, the common swearer, or the sabbath breaker, imagine that because he is born in a Christian country, he has any connection with Christ ? If he does he is fatally wrong. Every time he blasphemes, or curses, or breaks the sabbath, he cries out in louder language than St. Peter's, *I know not the man.* Or does he who cheats or defrauds his neighbor, cherishes malicious designs against him, and intends if he can, to do him a private mischief, suppose that he has any connection with Christ?—All his thoughts, all his actions are continually crying out, *What is Christ to me?—I know not the man.*

MARRIAGES.

At Reading, Mr. Isachar Stowel, to Miss Betsey Green—Mr. Abel Baird, to Miss Phebe Green—Mr. Aaron Bryant, to Miss Rebeckah P. Emerson.

At Chebacco, [Ipswich] Mr. James Perkins, to Miss Sally Smith.

In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Piper, to Miss Nabby Skerry——Mr. Benjamin Morgan, to Miss Lucy Smith.

DEATHS.

At Reading, Deacon Henry Putnam, aged 51. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him—and his death is deeply lamented.

In this town, Mrs. Mary Allen, wife of Capt. John A.—Mr. Samuel Nourse.

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